25th September, 1854

Today we left camp at Five A.M. as the sun was beginning to rise. Our wagon train has made progress since we left from Boonville in Missouri many weeks ago… My youngest daughter Sarah has taken sick and needs to be tended to by the Missus Ezekiel Kelley, the woman in our train with great knowledge of medicine. She has high fever and is pale in the face. The sky is dark and low over our heads; my husband Francis says their will be a storm soon… The land is very parch’d and dry in this region, the summer rains have past and the grass and weeds are now dusty and tumbling around very much. The storm coming will be good for the land and our train is nearing Ft. Dodge in Kansas. We will stop there and rest a day and gather supplys for the rest of the trip… My young son Jacob is walking with his playmates Noah Porter and Jeremiah Reaver, and they are playing some childish game in which one tries to hide and the others search for him. I must call my son back as I worry he will get carried away and be forgott’n along the waye. I shall stop writin here as I feel drops of rain on my head. I must put this journal away for the time being.

By: Jane A. Gould Tourtilott